VOLUME LV CHICAGO, AUGUST 17, 1905. NUMBER 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

I do not wish to be above people, I wish to be with people.
The tiresome, hateful climb upward on their heads and shoulders,—
(It hurts their heads and shoulders, but it hurts my feet still more),—
The thin, empty air, thinner and emptier and less satisfying the higher I get,—
The platform of envious faces on which I stand,—
The continual scrambling and elbowing round me and over me,—
The aimlessness and cruelty of it all,—
I am sick to death of it.
The soles of my feet yearn for the feel of God's sod.
I do not wish to be above people.
I wish to be with people.

The common people,—why common people?
Does it not mean common life, common aspirations, community of interests, communion of man with man?
Does it not imply the spirit of communism, of fellowship, of brotherhood?
Does it not suggest that human life down at the bottom is more fluid and intermingled and social than up at the top?
Is not all this hidden away in the words "common people?"

Ernest Crosby.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Notes 403
Judaism and Christianity—R. P. D. 404
Emily Lovell Douthit—W. M. B. 405
Our Tower Hill Letter—KATHERINE A. GRAHAM 406
Exercises on Tower Hill, Wis., Sunday, July 30, on the Occasion of the Reunion of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery—Stenographically reported by MISS MARY M. LEPPO 407
Wanderer's Song—*Clinton Scollard in The Outlook* 411
Doubt and Faith—*James B. Kenyon in the Methodist Recorder* 411

THE STUDY TABLE—
Among the Exchanges—R. P. D. 411

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*From Democracy and Reaction by L. F. Hobhouse* 413
Camping Song—*Bliss Carman in The Reader Magazine* 413
The Fate of the Children of Lir—*From Penelope's Irish Experience by Kate Douglas Wiggin* 413
Summer—*Frank Dexter Sherman in the Sunday School Times* 413
Summer is Here—*Robert McIntyre in Our Dumb Animals* .. 414

THE FIELD—
The Coming Convention of the American Civic Association. 414

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. RETT E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERELL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1905. NUMBER 25

The period of life is brief—
'T is the red of the red rose leaf,
'T is the gold of the sunset sky,
'T is the flight of a bird on high;
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine.
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own gate.

—Anon.

Collier's Weekly well says that until the college girl will receive the modern equivalent of a training at the distaff her culture will be a thing borrowed from the other sex, not a growth from woman's needs. Not that these things should be omitted, but that this practical technical training should be added thereto.

The *Literary Digest* for August 5th has an article on Two New Influences in Church Architecture, one coming from the sky-scraper, which discounts the sky-pointer in imposingness and offers a suggestion to meet the second demand of more convenience. Following this direction, Dr. Eaton's Baptist church in Cleveland is erecting a twelve-story church, all of which will in one way or another house the community and the activities that express the gospel mission in a great city. All this points to a growth in grace; it is instituting religion not only in the lives of men, but in the fabric of society.

A correspondent writes, "This man knows men about as well as a man can who depends upon personal experience and misses the poise and wider outlook of books." A sagacious remark. This appeal of the practical man from the world of books to the world of men is often superficial and deceptive. The measuring line of one life is too short to be of much significance. One must needs lengthen the line by the prolonging study of men found in books. The man in the closet occupies a vantage ground over the man in the street,—one who comes to a practical estimate of the meaning, mystery and method of man, whether the study be that of man as an individual or the complex man as society.

"One hundred and twenty-five deaths from heart disease in one month" is the report from the city of New York. The news item is followed by the usual editorial homily about worry, but the "don't worry" precept must be replaced by the "don't hurry" precept; and the hurrying cannot be abated until the elaboration of society, the complexity of the home and the multitudinous wants of the individual be simplified. The modern culture runs so much to leaf and branches that there is little strength left for fruitage. Life costs too much; we dress, eat and travel too much; we put on too many airs. "Seek ye first his kingdom" and then the heart will preserve its rhythm and continue to beat effectively through a long life. Do not hurry after so many things you do not need, which when overtaken yield no comfort.

Collier's Weekly thinks "mere expensiveness is not a sin" and follows up the opinion by a justification of "lace gowns, fans," etc., etc. Of course the beautiful is as useful as the "useful," as generally interpreted, but the investor must needs very closely analyze the expensiveness, remembering the distinction which Ruskin makes between filigree work and work of art. Filigree is not necessarily beautiful but it is always expensive, because it is high elaboration which involves much labor. All such filigree work, whether wrought in linen, in silver or in stone and wood for architectural purposes, is a sin. After making adequate allowance for the beautiful, whatever outlay of time or money lies beyond the margin of the beautiful, which is always the suitable and the serviceable, does lie within the realm of the sinful. If it be true that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is a benefactor" so must it be true that "he who causes two steps to be taken where one would suffice is a tyrant" and that "she who causes two stitches to be taken where one would be adequate is a malefactor."

In another column will be found an obituary notice of Jasper Douthit's faithful yoke-fellow. And so the quiet little woman with the eyes of a poet and the heart of a prophet has rounded out her work on earth. The voice of Jasper Douthit has been lifted up for the right, the true and the temperate on the borders of "Egypt" for forty years and more. He has been instant in season and out of season in whatever made for the betterment of Shelbyville and the adjacent country in southern Illinois. But his friends know that he was not only sincere but perfectly right when he said that his guidance as well as his inspiration came from the quiet companion at his fireside. Much of this forty years this little Yankee woman, transplanted for missionary purposes from Massachusetts to Illinois, has been known to this writer; he has shared her

log house hospitality and witnessed the perplexities that belong to the parsonage of a city home. Everywhere and always she represented that subtle, persistent power, of the nature of which we have a hint in that physical potency that makes wireless telegraphy a possibility. It was a grief to the writer of this note that he could not respond to the telegraphic call that asked him to stand beside his old-time companion and yokefellow where the open grave symbolized the agony of a lonely heart. But the heart knows its companionship. Here or elsewhere, present or absent, it will claim and hold its own. There is a dreariness added to your life, dear brother Jasper, but the way is not long and the courage is adequate. May the glory of the sunset make radiant your remaining days as holy memories will make them rich.

Judaism and Christianity.

One of the "ghosts" against which we struggle is an indifference to or undervaluation of things Jewish, a lingering spectre of the old antipathy of Christianity toward Judaism. And yet how much more have we as liberals in common with the world of advanced Hebrew thought than with the Christian fold—Judaism, which has kept alive in the world for centuries the worship of the Divine Unity, and nobly, how nobly, has refused to surrender it before the encroachments of pagan and Christian superstition? We no longer despise or antagonize the Jew—at least theoretically—yet so enduring is brain-tissue, so persistent are the "ghosts" of bygone prejudices, so imbued have we become with orthodox disapproval of the stubborn Jewish pride that has refused through all the centuries to respond to Christianity, that we are slow, very slow, to give it its true name, loyalty, endurance, consecration to the vision divine; very slow to realize that as between the two, if choice must be made, our sympathies belong not with Christianity but with Israel the patient and loyal, Israel the preserver of the Divine Thought.

The Christian Register of July 27th remarks: "So long as Judaism is bounded by limits of race and ritual, there must be a chasm between it and Christianity which no liberality will be able to bridge." But then might not one put it the other way: "So long as Christianity is bounded by limits of tradition and creed . . . ?" One might infer from the statement of *The Christian Register,* that Christianity is free from all undue reverence for the past. But Christianity and Judaism are alike such vague, indefinite words. There is a narrow Judaism and a narrow Christianity; a broad Judaism, a broad Christianity, with all the gradual degrees ranging between "narrow" and "broad." It is not fair to contrast conservative Judaism with progressive Christianity, nor a narrow Christianity with reformed Judaism. Placed in juxtaposition, the vital Judaism of today and the vital Christianity of today are not alien one to the other. There is no such gulf between them as *The Christian Register* finds there. Admit an exaggerated race-consciousness (though only this week one of the Reformed Judaistic papers contained a refutal of the "chosen-people" idea) and then consider the origin of that race-consciousness. It is not a little thing to have stood for the Divine Unity these thousands of years in the midst of superstition, isolated, outcast, downtrodden. A people welded into one by such experiences, such memories, such traditions—why should you be surprised at a passionate loyalty, an exclusive pride?

And the Christian? Have we ceased to intone *our* rituals with the accents of *our* fathers. Have we discarded altogether yet our allegiance to old, outworn names and books and reverences? Have we yet freed ourselves from the limitations of the past? Have we ceased to regard with a peculiar leniency the mistakes and errors of our religious ancestry, a leniency that we extend to no other religion? Do we measure on exactly the same scale Buddha and Jesus? Well, that is natural and right. We have our heritage, our peculiar reverences. And the Jew?

It ought to yield moral courage and stamina to the independent thinker to realize that the antagonism between the old and the new is as inevitable as it is usual. The devotee of the customary and traditional has no breadth of outlook, no sense of humor of the situation, else would he see in the conservative party of other religions his own reflection, and draw conclusions that would emancipate him. An exact parallel of the conservatism of the "orthodox" Christian, pulling always backward against the onward march of the liberal, is seen in the "orthodox" Jew, clinging to the customs and traditions of his fathers with dogged tenacity, and looking upon his Reformed brethren with a scorn and antagonism almost as decided as that he reserves for the Gentile. From *The Jewish American,* reporting the Central Conference of American Rabbis, we clip this section:

There yet remains for us to speak of the success that has attended the *People's Synagogue* at Philadelphia, inaugurated last year, under the auspices of the Conference, with the financial aid of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, through the efficient and personal labor of Rabbi George Zepin, Field Secretary of the Synagogue Extension Movement.

Rabbi Zepin entered upon his labors during the month of August last. He soon found that his work required all the faith and enthusiasm at his command, for he had no sooner made his purpose known than the whole orthodoxy of Philadelphia emptied its vials of wrath upon his inoffending head. The Jargon press agitated against the movement, handbills were circulated, warning young and old against attending the pernicious service of the reformers and disguised missionaries.

The following is an exact copy of the contents of one of these handbills:

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We find it necessary to make known to all Jews in the city that the place, 422 Bainbridge Street, which is advertized as a House of Worship for the Holidays, is not a synagogue, merely a Radical Reform place, which is organized through the missionary labors of the reform party, where the so-called worship of God is in English, with an organ and all the customary reform innovations.

Every Jewish man and woman, who cares for our religion, our Torah and our nationality, should keep himself and his children from going there—

For

Reformed is opposed to religion, opposed to the Torah, and against everything dear and holy to our people.

THE COMMITTEE.

But, nothing daunted, a down-town Reform Congregation was organized, named *Congregation Israel,* a hall was secured, fitted up as a place of worship, the up-town Reform Rabbis gave their active support, the Conference provided the Prayer Book, regular services were established, and when the holidays arrived it required the services of policemen to keep the hundreds from crowding into a hall whose standing room even was filled to overflowing.

When Rabbi Zepin was obliged to enter upon his labors elsewhere, Rabbi Max Raisin was called to lead the movement, his salary being guaranteed by the two up-town Reform Congregations and by the Philadelphia Section of the Council of Jewish Women. Under the enthusiasm of a number of the people of this new congregation, and with the aid of the up-town Reform Congregations, the movement has grown, so that to-day its own little Temple, to cost $10,000, is in course of construction, which is to be dedicated in September, and to be made permanently self-supporting.

How laughably similar all this is to the opposition

which liberal Christianity has constantly met with from Orthodoxy! This theatrical denunciation of the seekers for the truth of the *Now* by the blind devotees of the *Then,* seems almost a parody of our own experiences. Evidently the gulf lies between the new and the old, not between Jew and Christian. Exactly the same problems face the Jew as face ourselves. From the *Jewish American* of recent date we cut the following editorial:

Scarcely a month passes but that some noted divine with advanced views is subjected to censorious criticism for the coldness of his utterances. Fanaticism and its pacemaker, ignorance, are instanter upon their tiptoes crying Infidel! Unbeliever, with all the strength of their lungs. It is by no manner of means a bed of roses that awaits the man who as a result of earnest investigation has the courage to express his honest conviction even in this day of religious freedom. Certain it is that no sooner has he done so than from the press, pulpit and people arises a storm of indignation, which stops at nothing short of the stake and a bonfire.

To be honest, to be sincere in religion, is oftentimes the surest means to ostracism; and because of this, men whose integrity in other matters is never questioned permit themselves and encourage others to profess with their lips that which at heart they do not believe. The opinion of any man which carries with it the impress of earnest investigation and which is the expression of an honest conviction is worthy of respect, but we maintain that men are responsible not only for the expressions of their beliefs but for their beliefs themselves, in so far as they are the result of knowledge or ignorance.

While orthodoxy still clings tenaciously to the literalness of the text, it would be difficult for us to believe that as many as one-half of those who profess an unswerving loyalty to the letter of the law as laid down in the Old Testament are any more sincere than they of the Christian faith, who really believe that Jesus rose from the dead or that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. It pays to be sincere in all things and nowhere is the lack of sincerity more deporable than in the profession of religious teachings. It surely is far more serious in its effect upon society to pretend to believe that which we honestly doubt than to sincerely deny all the articles of faith in any or all the creeds.

We believe him who is faithful to the convictions of his own conscience far less of an infidel than he who adheres strictly to the letter of the teachings of any religious creed.

This is Jewish thought—the Jewish thought that corresponds to our own. Between our ideals and those what gulf? R. P. D.

A green and silent spot amid the hills
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are healthy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath agay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal cornfield, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'Tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude lovest best),
And from the sun and from the breezy air
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy and found
Religious meanings in the forms of Nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark;
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

—*Coleridge.*

Make the most of yourself for that is all there is of you.—*Emerson.*

Emily Lovell Douthit.

Lithia Springs Chautauqua and the friends of our work in Central Illinois were greatly saddened this year by the death of the wife of the indefatigable missionary and minister at large. For almost a half century she has been the faithful wife and efficient co-worker with Jasper L. Douthit in all his missionary activity.

Emily Lovell was born in Rockland, Mass., on October 25, 1833, and was married to Mr. Douthit November 2, 1857. Four children blessed the union. Two of these, George Lovell and Winifred Gertrude, have lived near the parents co-operating in their missionary enterprises; Mrs. Helen Garis resides at Lake Geneva, Wis., and Rev. Robert Collyer is minister of the Unitarian congregation in Dover, Mass.

Mrs. Douthit's young womanhood was spent in New England, where she attended Mt. Caesar Academy in Swanzey, N. H. Early her artistic nature showed itself in occasional poetical productions which were published in religious and literary periodicals of the day. William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the New York *Evening Post,* took an interest in her and wrote personal letters of appreciation and advice that are highly treasured by the family. It was through her literary work that she became known to the young man who for forty-seven years found her his ideal wife.

Mrs. Douthit was modest, diffident and somewhat retiring, but those who came to know her, soon realized the power that lay beneath her gentleness. None felt this strength more than her husband whose hands were upheld and whose faith was quickened by her unfailing confidence and courage. He has often said that in the face of discouragements and sore trials that have come to him in his strenuous service as a pioneer missionary and of late years in his efforts to build up the out-of-door church and summer school at Lithia Springs, it was her tender patience, her brave attitude and gentle whisper "go on" that gave him inspiration and sent him forth like a knight of old grimly determined to conquer or if need be to die with his armour on, facing the foe and fighting for the ideals they both loved.

In the early days it was she who acquainted her husband with the Unitarian belief and directed him to Theodore Parker's writings. When he joyfully accepted the new light, and determined to be a light-bearer to his own people in "Egypt," she left the congenial atmosphere of New England to share with him the hardships and vicissitudes of the pioneer life. She shared her husband's enthusiasm for the liberal Christian gospel and cheerfully encouraged him—part of the time teaching school and later tutoring young people in Latin and French to help him to keep up the work on a salary much of the time too meager even for bare physical needs—much less for desired books or papers.

By a word the cares and responsibilities of missionary work might have been laid aside, during the last few years, but she shared the vision with her husband of the open-air cathedral, the Lithia to be, and she was thus willing to sacrifice all that came to her in order to bring to a realization their common hopes.

Thus she passed on from a world of activity to the higher life. Mrs. Douthit had been assisting in arranging details of the present Chautauqua until a few days before the final summons. The end came

suddenly on the first day of August—paralysis being the gentle messenger that called her on. The funeral was held on Thursday morning, in the Tabernacle at Lithia. In spite of the steadily falling rain a very large number from far and near assembled to pay the tribute of respect to one whom so many looked upon and loved as the "little mother of Lithia Chautauqua." Rev. W. M. Backus of Chicago, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, conducted the service. He was assisted by several ministers of other denominations who were taking part in the Chautauqua. It was a service that in its simplicity and beauty, its power for comfort, strength and uplift, was truly typical of the one who had passed from among us. W. M. B.

Tower Hill Letter.

It was early last spring that the term "Tower Hill" began to assume that warmth and intimacy for me which Mr. James says is characteristic of ideas that really belong to us. My friend and I had wandered over into one of the city parks and she paused for a few moments to read from a little pocket editions of Wordsworth the poet's seductive invitation to Dorothy to drop all her morning tasks and come out into the joy of the first spring day. Nature lay all around us, but a nature so cultivated, so carefully protected, that we felt on as formal terms with her as with a fashionable woman in a ball room. The shrill shriek of locomotives drowned the friendly call of the redbreast, and a ceaseless stream of carriages and automobiles almost concealed the lake from view. Vanity Fair was out in new spring dress that day.

"Here in the city the first spring days bring anything but a blessing and an invitation to cast off care," I said, watching with some discontent the new spring hats go by.

"Instead of that they come as a reminder that one's wardrobe must be renovated and a new hat purchased, to say nothing of the thousand 'whim whams' of a woman's dress. Then follow weary hours of buying and making, still wearier ones in the milliner's shop trying on monstrous things that make you wonder what strange kind of a creature it is that the glass in front of you reflects. Oh, to spend the summer, at least, away from this show and conventionality, in some quiet place where I could be familiar with the grass without invoking Nemesis in blue suit and brass buttons, where the clouds are not all 'packed into steam cylinders,' as Ruskin expresses it, and the mosses woven into fibre, and where there would be solitude and yet the possibility of companionship with persons retaining their joy in the great, free, simple things of life!"

To this tirade my friend listened patiently, then closing the volume of Wordsworth said quietly: "Pack up your old clothes, your best books, leave your city distempers behind, and come to Tower Hill with me this summer."

Thus it happened that a new applicant for the joys of simple living left the train at Spring Green a few weeks later and made her way under the shifting eye of the old windmill to the little community so well hidden in the dense foliage of the distant hills. After long city avenues with their symmetrical piles of brick and stone, how restful it is to move among this little group of cottages, each one standing in "companiable solitariness" and freedom from urban restraint. "How restful it all is to ears and eyes and mind," we lazily exclaim at first, and then gradually awaken to the fact that we have entered a real "university for the senses" where there are a thousand sounds that we did not hear at first, something to see with every footstep, and as to our minds, a rest is the one thing they do not seem to need after we enter Mr. Jones's class in religion. Yet the delvings into science with field glass and microscope, the poring with the "mind's eye" over ancient manuscripts, has not removed the mystery, even the terror, from nature at Tower Hill. The initiatory question of its sage and leader to each new comer, "Have you seen the Jabberwock?" indicates that those fabulous beings we used to believe in are really here making the world young for us again.

The science class, which is devoting its attention at present to ferns and birds under Miss Hatherell and Mr. Olmstead, started in the third week of summer school with a brisk climb to the top of the hill. Here in a tiny nest concealed in a juniper bush lay five chipping-sparrows with open, hungry mouths, who formed the text of the morning lesson. Early Tuesday morning, before the majority of the Tower Hill community had abandoned their pillows, this same body of bird-lovers might have been seen sitting in reverent silence on the soft brown carpet of Pine Knob as the little musicians gave their morning calls. Thursday evening Mr. Olmstead gave one of his interesting bird lectures with the fascinating pictures that allowed us to fearlessly gaze and comment in a way that we did not dare at Pine Knob or on the porch of "Brantwood."

Miss Hatherell during her portion of the time has been introducing us to the large and flourishing Fern family, showing choice specimens, telling us of the ancient Fern lineage, and enlivening us with some of the family traditions. From the top of Tower Hill we gaze at the man in the moon with less respect since we have learned how he was once fooled by the Fern family, who made him think that the earth was putting forth feathers. We have the word of David Starr Jordan for this. "Just see how Miss Hatherell caresses each fern as she holds it—she loves her work," whispered an observing member of the class, and perhaps this is one reason why we love her work too, and so soon feel an interest in the plant life of Tower Hill.

During the absence of Mr. Jones for four days we have continued to trace the "record of our long descent" under the leadership of Miss Anne B. Mitchell. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to a consideration of the great Hindu epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. This led to the question at the close of the lectures, "Why are not these great epics, containing so much for the world, studied in our class rooms along with the Greek and Roman classics?"

In her Wednesday lecture, Miss Mitchell treated of Buddha with special reference to the account of his life and teachings in the "Light of Asia." Here many of the familiar texts of Christianity came to us like old friends in Hindu setting, causing us to realize that the deep spiritual truths of life lie in all the great religions. The Thursday lecture treated of the kinship between Hindu and Greek myths and the refashioning of this inheritance from India by the imaginative Greeks. The Friday lecture was the most interesting of the series in the opinion of

Miss Mitchell's auditors, and showed the rich and abundant treatment these oriental ideas have received at the hands of modern writers; how they stimulated the imagination of the young Quaker, Whittier, and stole into the mind of Wordsworth, himself living like a retired Yogi at Rydal Mount, seeing "into the life of things." Shakespeare and Emerson were each quoted as interpreters of the orient, and finally in Wagner's "Parsifal" we found a commingling of Christian and Buddhistic elements.

On Friday evening we responded with alacrity to the summons of the pavilion bell, for it meant that Mr. Jones had come among his own again and had consented to give his sermon on "The Contemplative Life." At its conclusion we were prepared to give full response to the prayer that the light from the east may break upon us again and bless us with the power of the contemplative life in its highest sense.

On Saturday nature showed a bit of her "tooth and claw" to Tower Hill by visiting us in the form of a wind cloud that broke down many of our best trees,—though Miss Hatherell says she is glad of it because it improves her view. Whereupon we conclude that Miss Hatherell and nature have a private understanding not revealed to the science class.

Sunday threw a quiet robe of sunshine over Tower Hill and left each member free until the vesper hour to live the day according to his own idea of a Sabbath. Some went for a quiet walk, others retired to some shaded spot for poetry or meditation, while there was a general revival of the nineteenth psalm over all the hill. After such a day it was especially appropriate that Mr. Jones should choose "The Sabbath" as the subject of his vesper talk. The readings of the same hour were from George Herbert, James Graham, Adelaide Proctor, Washington Gladden and included also the well known "Things I Miss" of Thomas W. Higginson. It was a Sunday long to be remembered and its influence, its spiritual sweetness, will be with us long after we have left its quiet, beautiful setting at Tower Hill.

Katharine A. Graham.

Tower Hill, July 8, 1905.

Oh Life! I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odors flowing by
From clover-field and clumps of pine,
This music thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds are thine.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird and flower and tree,
From the low trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me?

There lies my chamber dark and still,
The atoms trampled by my feet,
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God;

And knew the light within my breast,
Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
The power, the will, that never rest,
And cannot die, were all from him.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Exercises on Tower Hill, Wis., Sunday, July 30, on the Occasion of the Reunion of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS M. M. LEPPO.

The meeting was called to order at 10:30 a. m. by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who said:

In the quiet serenity and the fellowship of this hour, let us blend our spirits and lift our hearts in our great national anthem.

Scripture was read by Rev. Mary H. Andrews, of Kansas City, Mo. Prayer was offered by the President of the Association, Rev. Alexander Hood, of Muscoda, Wis. After a song service the address of welcome was given by Mr. Jones, who said in part:

Mr. President, Comrades of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, Friends and Neighbors:—It is my pleasant privilege this morning to bid you welcome to this festival of the spirit, to extend to you the hospitalities of this neighborhood and to ask for a continuation of that exchange of good will which was so tenderly and auspiciously begun yesterday.

One hundred years ago this spot was "home" to the red man. Here he pursued his game; here he plied his canoe in the waters of the Wisconsin; here Indian mothers crooned over Indian babes dear to the heart and here the graves were hollowed to receive mortal remains of honored chief and trusted warrior. Fifty years ago today the Wisconsin river was the thoroughfare of a new era, the front street of the rising state; on this spot was a busy hamlet. Some of you have plied the oar as bowman or tailsman on the rafts that once made picturesque this stream; some of you have passed through what was then an interesting and marvelous elaboration of industry—the transformation of the mineral found to the south of us into the shot that was dropped from the top of this hill and borne outward on the waves of the Wisconsin to its mission of death further down the river and rivers. Fifty years ago some of you remember Helena, which was not "Old Helena" then; you will recall the ferry and the warehouse, the hotels and the blacksmith shops; you have watched and witnessed the mighty transformation.

Many of you will remember that picnic day at Wilson's Creek, forty-four years ago, was it, when the threshing machines were abandoned, when the ungathered hay was overlooked, when the shocks were allowed to stay in the fields and when the wives drove home the wagons that the husbands drove up to the picnic; when the boys stopped just long enough to kiss goodbys at the farm houses as they went further on to the rendezvous at Lone Rock. Many of you remember four years later on the third day of July, 1865, late in the evening, when the last remnants of the Sixth Battery came home.

Forty years and more have passed. Yesterday we called the roll—200 and odd names—and they were nearly "all present or accounted for," as the orderly sergeant used to say at review. "Present or accounted for." Yes, most of them were "accounted for"; of a small portion of them the accounting was uncertain; the report was "last heard from he was at such and such a place." In regard to a few the report was "lost"; of a few more the word was "reported dead," but the great majority were confidently, distinctly and promptly reported "dead," "dead," "dead"; "killed at Corinth," "buried at Vicksburg," "buried at Huntsville," "died in Kansas," "buried in Washington," etc., etc. Out of the long roll of 200 odd twenty-one only said "here!" and these twenty-one that were able to say

"here" came hither from all directions; one from Iowa, one from Michigan, others from the west and others from the north. Some of them could bide only the one short day; they have already gone; others have come this morning to shake our hands; yesterday they "had no time."

You cannot wonder then that it is with a peculiar emotion that I stand here this morning and say "welcome" to you. Welcome to you to this historic place; welcome to you on behalf of the neighbors who have stayed here through all these years, have helped in the transformation; welcome to you in the interest of the blessed memories, the high hopes and the great principles we once committed ourselves to.

But there is more than this in the welcome this morning; more than the glad privilege of looking into the eyes of old comrades and speaking of the good will that lurks at the hearts of the neighbors and citizens of Tower Hill, Hillside and Spring Green. I welcome you to a *Sunday* reunion; I welcome you to the high attempt of blending once more patriotism and piety; I welcome you to the too much neglected task of trying to put into terms of religion the obligations of citizenship. I welcome you to what seems to me the most fitting hour, the most fitting presence, the most fitting influence possible for an old battery to reassemble. I rejoice in this occasion that binds the years; I rejoice more in this occasion that binds us once more on that higher plane of unity where your party politics and your denominational loyalties and your class in society are absolutely forgotten. Here it is not republican against democrat; here today it is not orthodox against heterdox; here it is not United Brethren or Congregational or Methodist; here today it is not rich and poor, Yankee vs. foreigner; here is no place and no time to count our varied nationalities, but here under these colors and in this presence, in the name of religion, we welcome the remnants of this Sixth Wisconsin Battery, which taught some of us this breadth, which rebuked our boyish prejudices, which demonstrated under the direst circumstances the only conditions of fraternity, and there are self-sacrifice and mutual self-forbearance—in short, the great gospel condition of bearing one another's burdens, comrades.

Again I welcome you here this morning, comrades, in the interest of the things we have forgotten. It was pleasant to recall so much; interesting to know how many things we remember. As I lay on my bed last night after the tattoo had sounded and you were all asleep, it came over me with a quaint and tender power, the great mass of things we have forgotten, comrades; the things we did not care to recall, the experiences that did not jump to the front and demand a recital, the bitterness, the rivalries, the ignobleness—for there was that in camp—the selfishness, the impiety and the profanity, the recklessness and the gambling, the hatreds within and without the line. Thank God, they are forgotten. Thank God, we do not come here to nourish our hates and to nurse our antipathies. We all hate bitter memories; we all hate trying experiences. We remember humorously today the order that consigned some of us to the "wheel," some of us to the "awkward squad," and once in a while retired some of us to the leisure of the guard-house. We laugh at it; then there was fire in the eye and vengeance in the voice and some awful threats in the speech. Bless you! we have forgotten them and those we have not forgotten we have forgiven, and we remember them only in pleasantry.

Comrade Hood, the whilom sergeant of the fifth battalion, reminded us yesterday of once upon a time when he was ordered to tie a man to the wheel; he and his corporal found that day that ropes were very scarce in camp; they could not find anything with which to carry out the orders of the Captain; they passed under arrest and after a week's leisure in the guard-house were called to account for neglect of orders, and when they reported to the Captain the reason why they did not tie "Curly" Carpenter to the wheel the Captain was very glad and ordered them back to duty.

Now we remember with joy and gratitude these enmities that under the harsh experiences of war called oftentimes for verdicts that were trying and sometimes unjust. We remember that they are all overshadowed by the great wealth of that revelation that came to us in '61-5—that there was more love than hate, more fellowship than antagonism. So we rejoice today not only in the things we remember, but in the things we forget. I for one find nothing more inspiring in these reminiscences than the evidence that even the great chasm, the awful pit that was dug between the north and the south, over which we leveled our guns, through which or over which we charged with fixed bayonets —even that bloody chasm has been well nigh filled in, and now it is the blue and the gray that join in laying their flowers on the graves of the dead. There are no experiences more beautiful in the memory of the soldier than the occasional touches that bring him face to face and elbow to elbow with those who were on the other side.

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Let no one be disturbed with a sense of anxiety lest such an occasion as this may do some kind of a slight to the sacred cause dear to all of us—the cause of piety, the interest of religion, that which makes for reverence, gratefulness and devoutness in the human heart. This as it seems to me is indeed religion gone into business; the gospel trying to phrase itself in terms of civic interest, national honor, human progress.

A little boy said to me at the dining hall, "Mr. Jones, when is the old soldiers goin' to drill?" We did not drill; we made a sorry march from here to the dining hall yesterday noon; we stumbled over each other's heels; we were rusty, rheumatic, stiff—would not go on the double quick a little bit; we now all belong to the awkward squad, as soldiers. But I rejoice to believe that the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, that has no dishonorable record from '61-5, has written for itself a more honorable record since '65 than ever it did on the field of battle. I rejoice to believe that the remnant of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery during these forty and more years that have elapsed since our discharge have rendered a service to our country second in no respect to that service which was valiantly rendered at Corinth, at Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge. I yield to no man in my appreciation of the quality of the service there rendered, but I venture to say out of my years of study and experience, what I have often told you—that I have found it harder to do my duty as a private citizen in the ranks of the civilian than ever I found it in the army. There I most always knew my place. With Tom Hungerford on the front team and Walt Hayes on the wheel team, I, who rode the swing team, could not be very much out of line; the most I ever tried to do was to stay where I was put; I never was anxious to go ahead of the line; I succeeded in never falling back of my place when the test came. It is all I claim; I did not find it hard. But you, my comrades, will bear me out when I say that in the complicated perplexities that have pursued us since our discharge, in the higher responsibilities that have faced us at the ballot box, we have often

been sorely put to know what to do and perhaps have sometimes failed to do what we thought ought to be done. Be that as it may, we know that many men won honor on the field of battle who have been disappointing and have brought disaster to themselves and their neighbors.

And so I welcome you to this civic festival in the interest of the flag; I welcome you to hasten the day when more and more we will forget the bitterness and more and more we will rejoice in that bequest of the war that makes for womanly tenderness, childish hopes, and that is the stay of old age.

Carlyle in one of his great passages makes wonderful use of a physical fact. The old Covenanters, those grim old Presbyterians of Scotland, had a notion that somehow they could praise God better by dissonance than in unison; sang through their noses; they had most doleful wails for tunes that distressed the cultivated ear in the near presence of their singing. It might make for piety, but it did not make for harmony from the musician's standpoint. But away down the glen, miles away, the music of these old Covenanters, who had gone up into the high places to sing, was heard there, it was as sweetest harmony, delicate inflection, holy unison. The explanation is that the discordant notes fall out by the way, the unharmonious would not carry, but the harmony carried and it was music down there though trying up here.

I have often been helped out in this respect by what I and many others of you saw in the methods of making shot on this very Tower Hill. The imperfect ones were culled out by sending them down a series of inclines in the finishing house with a little chasm between each incline. Down these inclines, one after the other, went tumbling the perfect globes; they made the leap and got to the other end. The imperfect ones could not make the leap, so fell down between and were taken up and melted over.

Something like that I like to think of the history of the war and in the experiences. The good feelings, noble deeds, carry like perfect shot on the incline; they go down the centuries and jump the chasms and go on. The imperfect deeds, the discordant elements, drop out by the way; they are forgotten; we do not think of them, but we grow rich upon those things that are carried down and culled in this way by time.

And so again I welcome you to this Sunday celebration of a great ministry, to this Sunday reunion in the interest of high things.

To come back again to a local illustration. Fifty years ago the death-dealing shot dropped through the perpendicular shaft two hundred feet or more to be perfected for the purpose of destruction. Now through this same shaft, out of that same well that chilled the deadly shot, the life-giving water is lifted and stored in that rock cistern, then carried in the hydrants to the cottages and you drink it to your delight and health. The life-giving water came up today for your service through the shaft that was dug sixty or more years ago for the purpose of making the instruments of destruction.

O my comrades, let us take home this parable of Tower Hill to heart. Let us cherish this lesson of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery. It wrote for itself a short history on the battle field, four years long. It has written for itself a longer history on the fields of peace, 45 years long and more. Still the ties of comradeship are sweet, still the bonds of fellowship are strong, so that my brother Jones from Fond du Lac comes here to shake hands with Jones of Chicago, and though neither one recognized the other, we are all brethren again in the thought of the common blessings of this flag of ours; the common responsibilities of this country of ours; the common perplexities of this extended church.

Response by the Chairman, Rev. Mr. Hood.—We appreciate the welcome; we have enjoyed the words we have heard, bidding us welcome, but, ah, that warm grasp of the hand, those hands that are so free to serve us, from the very depths of the heart it comes out, God bless you all! We appreciate it; we know we are welcome and we are glad to be here.

I was raised a kind of Puritan; they used to make me learn the catechism; we were full of it; I dreaded the Sabbath; it was a long day to me. One day I slipped out the back way into the brush, down to the creek; I went swimming; forgot myself and whistled. Now, friends, I have learned that the Lord's day is a day in which to do good. Hence I enjoy this reunion; we come here to bring up these precious memories of the past. Memory, the eternal principle we used to call it, is like a book without an index; today the index is association.

Remarks by the Hon. W. D. Hoard, of Ft. Atkinson, Wis.—I am somewhat bothered with the day. I used to hear the boys say that they could fight and work on every day in the week with better heart than they could on Sunday. The old German soldier, when called upon for special duty on Sunday, said, "Sunday, dot belong to God Almighty and to me; not to de country." But I do not know but what Sunday is just as good a day for reminiscences and reflection on occasion like this. A good deal is due to our early training. The proclamation of emancipation was not intended for the negro; it was intended for every one of us, for as you emancipate yourself so shall freedom grow in your heart. Christ said, "The truth shall make you free," and if any of us have been enslaved during our lifetime it never has been by truth but always by error; that which you have woven about yourselves.

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Charles Wagner, out of his German heart, talks to us of the sweetness and the beauty of the simple life. Tower Hill talks to us out of its own heart of the same unaffected beauty of the simple life, and in the character of some of these men that I have known I find growing the same, unaffected, beautiful, sweet and simple verdure of an open nature. My knowledge of men in the army made me see sometimes that same quality and I cannot account for it. Although sometimes men I knew, who had been kindly nurtured, with good fathers and mothers, took a sweep downwards. You know army life was like a mercurial bath—it heightened whatever characteristic was in the man.

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In regard to race prejudice—I have no prejudices that will stand between me and the work of my Maker. When I become so lordly that I cannot recognize the work of God it is time that I was translated, to say the least.

The silent forces of light and heat by which the seasons change transform this old earth to a scene of beauty. And so the silent forces in America, light, thought and liberty and the influences that grow out of all this unspoken life of ours. Let us not despair of the republic and remember that the mission of this nation as yet is as great as it ever was and still greater. We need faith, never more than we need it today. Physical courage is the most common thing in the world. Take the whole army of engineers on the railroad today—you will find no cowards; it remains with any people until they become decadent. But moral courage, the courage that says I will stand alone

though the heavens fall, the courage to look after one's duty politically, the courage that is the center and essence of all patriotism—and that is self-sacrifice—is not so common. There is no patriotism without sacrifice; there never was; there never can be. We may sing patriotism into the children at school, we may preach it, but we have to carry this one great proposition with it—that no man's patriotism is worth a cent unless it is accompanied by sacrifice.

These things come to us in the larger culture and in the larger thought and in the larger training of actual life. I have no fear for my country. Nothing has encouraged me so much in the latter years of my life as the general assertion of the moral purpose and patriotism of this country against this demon of graft, and the fact that men like Roosevelt and others have come to us and are standing up in various states and proclaiming the integrity of the law and of citizenship. I was never so encouraged in all my days.

I am now answering the question in my own mind—For what did I go to war? Of what use was it, my comrades, that you suffered, that you fought; if this priceless possession was to be despoiled by dishonesty and by grafters and by the unseemly and malign crowd that fatten and feed off of public possessions? There was a larger meaning to your service than many of you think. It was to establish the quality of citizenship. That is the meaning of the old soldier; always a patriotic answer to his country's call. Let us be hopeful; let us take cheer; let us always remember that "God is not dead."

At the opening of the afternoon session Rev. Granville R. Pike of Eau Claire, Wis., said in part:—One of the saddest things that the average preacher has to encounter, as it seems to me, is the sense, I think, perhaps, it would be nearer truth to say nonsense, on the part of people in general that his work is something apart from the actual activities and duties and callings and responsibilities of life. That I say is the most discouraging thing that we have to encounter—we who are professional preachers. There is a feeling abroad that what is said does not count, and it does not count. We who speak as a business think very little of what we say; it means nothing to us except we can get those to whom we say it to so fully believe it that they will practice it. The truth is in order to goodness; that is the object of preaching. Therefore I find no incongruity in this reunion on Sunday. If I did not believe this—that you men in whose honor this gathering is assembled, you men of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, are not just as truly preachers of righteousness as I or any other professional preacher. The thing that I say is mere empty words; my words must be taken up and vitalized, incarnated into deeds. As Lincoln said in his memorable address, "The world will not long remember what you say here, but the world will not soon forget what these men did."

I liked that thought this morning; it was beautiful and suggestive, that we want to forget the things that are unworthy; to cultivate, encourage, remember and immortalize the things that are worth while—the greater, the better, the nobler. While we are apt to be discouraged as we see all about us the graft and grafters in official relations—in spite of this, I do not believe there ever has been an age or an era when there was a deeper and more universal and profounder sense of the fundamental and eternal wealth of ethical conscience, love, duty and service than today. We have to get away a little in order to get perspective. The terrible war days are past and out of the stress and toil have come great and glorious influences. There were laid the foundations of affections, there were laid the bases of magnificent manhood; there were laid the foundations of memories, expectations, joys, peace of conscience in consciousness of duty done, and what was most of all, the sense that came to each one of you, the consciousness that when tried you were not found wanting. That is worth all the pain,—to know that when you are tested you will not fail.

And so I say, as we look about and see the things that are doing, that need to be done, and the far shortcoming of the real as compared with the ideal, there is a feeling of discouragement; but the essential thing to remember is that we are doing something. Take long views of history. Everybody must have the faith of our honored guest today, Governor Hoard—faith in the future. The trend of things is God-ward. We should remember that this country of ours is in itself a great crucible in which we are melting down all the error of every kind, humanity, nationality, ideals and experiments, every conceivable kind of thought, of purpose and out of it is issuing the true metal as tried by fire. This was the case of the men who went into the civil war: they went in raw, untrained; they came out men, hardened, disciplined, balanced, sane, level-headed men, calculated to grapple as they have grappled with the duties and difficulties of a republic government ever since. We look at the condition of things today and seem to be disappointed—because we are looking at the thing too near at hand. As another has said, The difference between a monarchy and a republic is this: In a monarchy we ride comfortable and dry; it is like a great man-of-war where everything is comfortable and convenient and imposing; but it strikes a hidden rock and sinks. All is lost. While a republic is like a raft that floats upon the surface and we are never comfortable; our feet are always wet; we are always ill at ease, but nothing can ever sink her.

Now look at the evidences of that. I said a moment ago that I counted you men of the Sixth Battery as fellow preachers of righteousness. In the Boxer uprising in China were missionaries of every denomination—native and Christian, and soldiers of pretty nearly all races gathered there in defense of that compound. Every soldier was just as valuable and wrought for the salvation of the company as truly as the missionary; and the missionary just as truly—in fact all the strategic work was done by one of the missionaries—and so shoulder to shoulder preacher, teacher, soldier, merchant man, lawyer, native Chinaman, everybody, each one bearing a hand the best he knew, defended the compound, saved the lives of all within it and were there on the field when the relieving army came.

That is what we are doing in this republic. We are learning by the doing.

The Governor spoke this morning of the universality of physical courage. That is a modern thing. It is universal in this country; it may be very general in other countries, but we can go back to the time when it was universally supposed that the common people could not be trusted to defend a position or to maintain at the charge of an enemy against them; always they considered the cause lost unless there was some man of superior rank at the head. The question of Washington on receiving the report of the battle of Bunker Hill was, "Did the militia stand fire?" "They did" was the answer. "Then we shall win," said Washington.

Now my friends, this one thing seems to me to hold everywhere—we are learning by doing; it is the only way to learn. The Old World tradition and belief, at least until recently, was that when a body of soldiers be it large or small, lost ten per cent of its officers it was incapacitated for offensive operations. At San Juan Hill, though the American army lost ninety per cent of its officers, it went on and took the position.

So we are learning; we are always uncomfortable because things are not ideal, but we are making them so by the application to duty, by the vigor and thoroughness with which we vote. As we fought and as we preach and teach what we think and have the moral courage—higher than physical—to do the thing we ought to do, then the thing comes that ought to be.

Wanderer's Song.

There will be, when I come home, through the hill-gap in the west,
The friendly smile of the sun on the fields that I love best;
The red-topped clover here, and the white-whorled daisy there,
And the bloom of the wilding briar that attars the upland air;
There will be bird-mirth sweet—(mellower none may know!)—
The flute of the wild woodthrush, the call of the vireo;
Pleasant gossip of the leaves, and from the dawn to the gloam
The lyric laughter of brooks there will be when I come home.

There will be, when I come home, the kindliness of the earth—
Ah, how I love it all, bounteous breadth and girth!
The very sod will say—tendril, fiber, and root—
"Here is our foster-child, he of the wandering foot.
Welcome! welcome!" And, lo! I shall pause at a gate ajar
That the leaning lilacs shade, where the honeysuckles are;
I shall see the open door—O farer over the foam,
The ease of this hunger of heart there will be when I come home!

Clinton Scollard, in The Outlook.

Doubt and Faith.

'Twas thus the vision came: the sunset bars
Were fading from the west, and gathering gloom
Veiled the fair landscape; multitudinous sounds,
Born of the night, from valley and from hill
Rose solemnly. Then saw I where a path
Wound down a steep declivity till all
Was inky darkness, save a single star
That pulsed with brightness o'er the gulf's black void.
Thither two travelers came, and staid their feet,
Affrighted to behold the sheer descent
Whither the pathway plunged. Then was I ware
How one upon his eyes did clasp his hands
And leap into the night. The other, calm,
With lifted brows and eyes fixed on the star,
Stepped downward bravely, and darkness fled
Before his fearless feet, and on a sudden
Shining he saw the happy gates of home.

—James B. Kenyon in The Methodist Recorder.

Stand aside from the crowd and look on—have no other business than to look on—how mad and preposterous, how purposeless and inexplicable will the whole scene of human life appear!

"How weary, flat, stale and unprofitable
All the uses of this world!"

Step down into the world; choose a path or let accident choose for you; be one of the jostling multitude; have wishes and a pursuit; and how full of meaning and purpose has it all become! This labyrinth of life is ever a straight path to him who keeps walking. And, as with the purposes of life, so it is with our speculative creeds. Stand apart and look on—take up your station at the porch of the church and only question why others enter there. Oh, you may stand and question to the day of doom! Step within—creep but to the first altar, bend a knee to any saint you please in the calendar, utter but one prayer, one petitionary word—henceforth you are enrolled amongst the faithful. If heaven has not yet answered—it *heard* that prayer—can you withdraw it? Why or wherefore you entered is no more the question; it is plain enough that you cannot leave.

THORNDALE.

"Pshaw, you're afraid!"

"Yes, I am! I'm afraid of being sorry—and it's the only thing I'm afraid of in this world!"

It was a scrap of a street conversation, and the two girls who spoke were out of sight before the words had died on the air. But one listener, at least, was stronger for having heard them.—*Child's Hour.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Among the Exchanges.

The August number of *Now* contains much that is vital among some things that are not so vital. The "Affirmations" of this issue are especially good: "Oh the triumph of standing alone, firmly set in the One. Oh, the Glory of the self-poised Soul manifesting the magnificence of the One, in its power to create worlds of its own. Oh, the majesty of the Soul affirming itself as Power, Self-reliant, Self-poised Power, manifesting as Humanity through Truth and Love." *Now* is controlled by the spirit of heroic optimism, self-belief and belief in all selves, though sometimes it is characterized by an exaggerated emphasis and coloring.

The Coming Day, edited by John Page Hopps, London, is on our desk. "The Beauty and Blessedness of Life," the first article in the issue, is entirely at one in its spirit with the "In God" of *The Outlook*. "What an apparent waste of beauty while all forms of life came into being before the arrival of seeing and understanding man! One can hardly resist the suggestion that inner operators enjoyed the spectacle as perchance they helped to evolve the drama and the performers." The tone of the article is one of healthy and vigorous optimism. "Life is not, and never was, and never could be a curse, but even when full of struggle and friction and disappointment—ay! and even when clouded with the imperfection which we call sin—is still a beautiful and blessed thing." Of especial uplift also is an article by Rev. Leon A. Harvey, "The March of Man."

"In God" is the significant title of one of the editorial articles in *The Outlook* for August 5th. "Nothing less than a divine revelation i sthe great discovery that the solid frame of Nature is not only made by intelligence, but itself is compact of Intelligent Energy . . . the qualities of what we call 'matter,' its weight, immobility, resistance to touch, are only the manifesting of the Force that constitutes it. *Matter is Force, Force is Mind, Nature is Spirit*, are the affirmations that the latest Science brings to the ancient Truth, "In God we live. . . . In God also is our moral life, our quest for good, so often led astray by phantoms. . . . The Supreme achievement, peace, glory, of our humanity, is just this, to come consciously home to our Father God. Only in finding Him we find our true self; only in knowing Him whose we are we know what we are." These are a few pregnant sentences from an illuminating and inspiring article.

The Public of August 12th contains a carefully elaborated defense of the inalienable American right of freedom of speech and of the press, and points out the insidious danger of a censorship constantly growing in scope and power. The article hinges on the exclusion from the mails of certain objectionable issues of a lurid periodical well named *Lucifer*. *The Public*, of course, by no means approves the sentiments of *Lucifer*, but believes that the autocratic method of its exclusion from the mails, without chance of defense or trial, and in fact without any adequate explanation of the reasons of exclusion, on the arbitrary decision of officials, menaces the sacred American right of the freedom of expression of opinion. From the standpoint of the political significance of the act, this discrimination seems much on a par with the recent exclusion from our shores on his return from a visit to China, of a naturalized American citizen, by birth a

Chinaman, and the refusal to grant his case a hearing before United States Courts. Autocratic power on the part of government officials is a threatening evil, and a constantly increasing one. From another standpoint, the matter of the exclusion from the mails of certain periodicals takes on a partisan religious character. It might be well questioned whether, if the sentiments in consideration had been part of a prurient novel or a sensational paper printed rather for amusement than purposes of propaganda, it would have been excluded from the mails. The call for its repression comes from its partisan antagonists. It is a fact, becoming constantly more threatening, that sectarian influence is brought to bear on public officials, and that public officials conform to their constituents as a matter of policy. We might mention a well-known instance where influence was brought to bear upon members of the board of trustees of a state agricultural school in one of our southwestern states, by the local orthodox clergy, and so effectively brought to bear, that a free-thinker, though a perfectly moral and competent man, lost the position as a teacher in that institution to which he had been elected. We were once privileged to read an amusing letter of application from a rural school board in a near-by Wisconsin town, addressed to a member of the faculty of a sectarian college, asking him to recommend four high school teachers, "all of whom must be professing Christians and two Presbyterians." Such a request on the part of a public official should have constituted a criminal and punishable offense, since it discriminated on purely partisan grounds in favor of candidates of a certain religious profession. We believe that such a condition of affairs is widespread. Religious opinion as religious opinion is discriminated against as a matter of policy by public officials, and sectarian influence is allowed to enter into politics and control legal measures, as when, for instance, sectarian religious instruction is enforced or allowed by law in the public schools. While such a condition of affairs exists it is useless to call our country free. Not until partisan religion is refused all recognition and denied all influence in legal enactment and interpretation, not until Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, Atheist and Agnostic stand on exactly the same footing as candidates for all offices in the public gift and as possessing the rights of citizens, will America be free.

In *Maxwell's Talisman* for July, R. F. Powell, Superintendent of the Vacant Lot Gardens, Philadelphia, gives an interesting description of a communal effort along the lines laid down by Henry George:

The method is the one proposed by the late Henry George, the Single Tax, and the place is a village settlement located on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, in Baldwin County, Alabama, called "Fairhope." This village was established ten years ago by a little group of men and women who are now beginning to be called by many admiring friends "The Pilgrim-Fathers in Social Reform." The community is known as the "Fairhope Single Tax Colony," and is the only one in the world. Its promoters were and are men and women who have implicit confidence and a perfect faith in the economic philosophy as taught by Mr. George in that most wonderful book, "Progress and Poverty."

These twentieth century pilgrims while forming their plans lived in various parts of the northern states, principally in the great state of Iowa. They sought out the aforesaid location in Baldwin County, Alabama, because at that time it was little better than a great wilderness of pines and wild flowers. They were but a score in number who landed and established the first camp, which they at once named "Fairhope." The land even here had to be purchased, although scarcely any one had preceded them to this lonely shore. And since the principal article of their faith is "That all men have an equal natural right to the use of the earth," some plan must be adopted by which a fund could be raised for its purchase, and even after the land had been purchased some plan must be devised by which it would be held, and administered as a communal estate. The individual ownership of land must be eliminated, the communal ownership established. A perpetual trustee was, therefore, created to take over the title and administer its holdings for the joint and equal use of all. To accomplish these ends a benevolent corporation was formed, now known as the "Fairhope Single Tax Corporation," chartered under the laws of Alabama. Each one who becomes a member is required not only to subscribe to the fundamental articles of faith, as set forth in its Constitution and By-Laws, and agree to help carry them into practical application, but he or she (for women are admitted to membership on the same terms as men) must pay into the treasury of the corporation the hundred dollars ($100.00) as a membership fee. This fund is used solely for the purchase of land, but neither the members nor their families as share holders can ever receive any dividends or perquisites on this as an investment. The land is never to be sold but is let out or leased to any one who may desire it, whether member or non-member, on equal terms. The lease contracts run for a period of ninety-nine years with privilege of renewal and provides that the lessee shall pay an annually appraised rental "so levied as to equalize the varying advantages of location and natural qualities of the different tracts, and convert into the public treasury all values of lands not due to the labor or expenditures of the lessee." Out of the ground rents thus collected all taxes, both personal and realty (moneys and credits excepted) are anually paid. The lessee is thereby exempt from all state, county and local taxes; that is, part of what he pays in rent is annually handed back to him in the shape of a receipted tax bill, and whatever remains in the colony's treasury after paying these taxes is used locally to provide such public utilities as the community requires. Thus the entire rent paid by the lessee to the colony each year, be it much or little, is handed back to him during the year either in taxes or in public services performed.

MARKED RESULTS OF LAND TENURE SYSTEM.

The efforts resulting from this system of land tenure are becoming very marked. First: No one takes and holds more of the colony's land than he can put to good use. It does not pay. Newcomers can always find good land open to settlement. They do not need to buy some one out in order to get a foothold. All of their savings are available for the improvement of their holdings. If they want improved places they can usually get them at about what the improvements are worth; that is, about what it would cost to replace them.

Second. The public fund that is here annually provided through the payment of rent to the community is so large when compared with the public funds of similar communities elsewhere, that many public utilities are provided that other similar communities never even dream of being able to enjoy.

Among those already provided, although the settlement is only ten years old, may be mentioned a public water supply, public bath houses, one for men and one for women. A public telephone system—which has been extended through a reciprocal traffic agreement over another telephone system to every important point in the country—all maintained free of charge to the colonists. The public school—usually not over a four or five months' term in other rural communities of the state—has been extended to a ten months' term, and enlarged into a grade school with an industrial agricultural department, perhaps the first rural school garden and industrial institute in America maintained wholly out of local public revenues. A public library of more than two thousand volumes is also maintained free of charge to all occupants of colony land. It is claimed that there is no better public library in the state, even in her largest cities. The largest and best kept public park, per capita population, that can be found in any American city. A sewer system of the latest and most approved type is being started, and already cottages are being supplied with all the modern city conveniences, modern bath-rooms, hot and cold water, sewer connections, etc.

Besides these improvements, the colony has successfully built a public wharf, and has built and is running a steamer between Mobile and Fairhope, halving the price and nearly doubling the speed of the passage as it was formerly made by the steamship company which held the monopoly of all the traffic between Mobile and the eastern shore of the great bay. The colony built both steamer and wharf itself, paying its members for labor and material by non-interest bearing certificates, receivable by the corporation for any of the dues it is authorized to collect, thus avoiding the issuance of bonds, which is forbidden by the constitution and by-laws.

The reader can readily see what a radically different environment has here been established to that usually found in other communities. Its influence upon the personal conduct and character of the people who voluntarily come under its sway is readily observed and frequently referred to by strangers within her gates.

CHARACTER SHAPED BY ENVIRONMENT.

"The character of men is shaped almost wholly by environment, not heredity. Personal investigation and a study of fundamental principles may have the greater influence with some, but the number is so small as to be the exception, not the rule. The education which is absorbed from one's surroundings is far more potent in shaping his future than any resolution which he may adopt through abstract reasoning, or the theoretical teachings of others."

"It therefore becomes the public's most important duty to the individual to establish a healthy and inspiring environment for all who come under its sway." On the other hand, since the public is invariably composed of individuals, the influence of personal example is not ignored. "Each individual owes to himself and to all mankind the duty of observing the golden rule. No man can speak in stronger terms to others or exert a higher influence over them than his daily example implies.

"If he preaches one doctrine and practices another, his influence for good is nullified by the bad example that he sets." Thus they reason, and upon this foundation they are building. The officers are elected by vote of all the members (male and female being admitted to equal suffrage), and all acts of the officers are subject to a referendum and all officers are subject at all times to recall by a majority vote.

To capitulate:

Here is a community (now over five hundred strong) wherein the equal rights of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and to opportunity is jealously maintained. A community in which nearly every family owns its home. A community wherein all public utilities are furnished by the public free of charge.

A community that collects no state, county or local taxes, and yet has the largest public income of any rural community in America.

Other communities have failed because they neglected to take into account the individual, and to provide for individual responsibility. Fairhope is built on a practical, business basis. It is a step in the right direction, a step away from the tyranny of corporate greed, a step toward the true democracy and the union of labor with culture and enlightenment. R. P. D.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for him,
And, darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;
In my own hands my want and weakness are,
My strength, O God, in thine.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

God on His throne is
Eldest of poets.
Unto his measures
Moveth the whole.

—*William Watson.*

Summer.

(In a Meadow.)

Under tranquil, azure skies,
Smooth and green the meadow lies
With its crimson jars of clover,
Honey-full and brimming over
For the bees and butterflies,

Now and then a trembling note
Stirs the silence—some remote
Minstrel, for the joy of living,
From the tree-top his thanksgiving
Lifts in lyrics from his throat.

Shadow brief and sunlight long
Where the leaves and grasses throng:
Here is joy for you to capture,
Here is rest, and here is rapture,
Summer's peace and dream and song!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in the SundaySchool Times.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—If we have started on the wrong path, the further we go the worse it will be in the end.

MON.—There cannot be any real popular sovereignty without perfect liberty for the expression of opinion.

TUES.—Everything human sins against its own principles, and it is not reasonable to expect that democracy should be exempt from the weaknesses that beset all other institutions and creeds.

WED.—The truth is that there is no single and sufficient mark by which to determine the precise degree of unfreedom which deserves the name of slavery.

THURS.—Those who have all they want are far more disposed to believe that God is in His heaven, and that there is something wrong with those who cannot get justice done them.

FRI.—We may even measure mental development by the clearness and comprehensiveness with which the teaching of experience is grasped, and the scope of elevation of the purposes pursued.

SAT.—Civilization is distinguished from barbarism, not more by the order which it establishes than by the many-sided development which it allows.

—*From Democracy and Reaction, by L. F. Hobhouse.*

Camping Song.

Has your dinner lost its savor,
Has your dinner lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
Or a grim unlovely sport?
There's a word of health and beauty,
There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain marge.
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!

—*Bliss Carman, in The Reader Magazine.*

The Fate of the Children of Lir.

Long, long before the Clandonnell ruled these hills and glens and cliffs they were the home of Celtic legend. Over the waters of the wee river Margy, with its half-mile course, often sailed the four white swans, those enchanted children of Lir, king of the Isle of Man, who had been transformed into this guise by their cruel stepmother, with a stroke of her druidical fairy wand.

After turning them into four beautiful white swans she pronounced their doom, which was to sail three hundred years on smooth Lough Derryvara, three hundred on the gloomy Sea of Moyle, and three hundred on the Sea of Erris,—sail and sail, until the union of Largnen, the prince from the north, with Decca, the princess from the south; "until the Faillkeum" should come to Erinn, bringing the light of a pure faith, and until they should hear the voice of a Christian bell. They were allowed to keep their own Gaelic speech, and to sing sweet, plaintive fairy music, which should excel all the music of the world, and which should lull to sleep all who listened to it.

You may hear it, too, any fine soft day if you will sit there looking out on Fair Head and Rathlin Island, and read the old fairy tale. When you put down the book you will see Finda, Lir's lovely daughter, in any white-breasted bird; and while she covers her brothers with her wings, she will chant to you her old song in the Gaelic tongue.

Ah, happy is Lir's bright home today
With mirth and music and poets lay;
But gloomy and cold his children's home,
Forever tossed on the briny foam.

Our wreathèd feathers are thin and light
When the wintry wind blows keen through the wintry night;
Yet oft we were robed, long, long ago,
In purple mantles and furs of snow.

"On Mayli's bleak current our food and wine
Are sandy seaweed and bitter brine;
Yet oft we feasted in days of old,
And hazel-mead drank from cups of gold.

"Our beds are rocks in the dripping caves;
Our lullaby song the roar of the waves;
But soft rich couches once we pressed,
And harpers lulled us each night to rest.

"Lonely we swim on the billowy main,
Through frost and snow, through storm and rain;
Alas! for the days when round us moved
The chiefs and princes and friends we loved."[2]

[1]A name given by the druids to St. Patrick.
[2]Joyce's translation.

—*From Penelope's Irish Experience, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

Summer is Here.

When the mower cuts the clover, and the swallow skims the corn,
And you hear the herd boy calling 'cross the meadows in the morn,
And the dawn is rich with robins piping in the poplar trees,
And across the bending buckwheat gad the yellow-buskined bees,
And the quail calls up his covey, by the music of his name,
In the plaited old fence conner, with its Indian pinks aflame—
Then summer-time is here!

When bobolink falls from tree-top, tripped and tangled in his song,
And the catbird buttonholes you *for a dialogue, right or wrong,*
And the speckled hawk loafs lonely on the dappled, distant sky,
And the affable white sheep graze about you as you lie,
Looking down cool terminal colonnades where bits of blue are seen
Through the sinuous antique arras of the breeze-blown muscatine—
Then summer-time is here!

Far and faint you hear the tinkle of the bland bells of the kine,
And your heart spills out its bitterness as bacchanals spill wine,
Soft peace comes down, balm breasted, on the weary heart and brain,
And your soul bursts off her gyves, and, full-statured, hears again
Through lapped leafage the light footsteps *of the Master pausing near,*
Rise and gird thee for His coming—hear *Him* calling plaintive, clear:
Summer-time is here!

—*Robert McIntyre, Our Dumb Animals.*

Loyalty.

Two little girls, devoted friends, were talking together about their favorite books.

"My favorite book is 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" said one.

"Well," said the other hastily, "I haven't read it yet, but I'm *going* to read it and then its *going* to be *my* favorite book too."

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The Coming Convention of the American Civic Association.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 22.—The annual convention in this city of the American Civic Association, October 4-6, promises to be a most noteworthy event in the history of the civic betterment movement. A large attendance is anticipated and an enthusiastic meeting is assured. The program is now being completed and arrangements are making for many features of great interest. The best speakers and writers on civic topics will participate and the records of the convention will add much to the permanent literature of the civic renascence.

There will be discussion of "Factory Betterment," for instance, from the standpoint of employer and employee. The employer's side will be presented by E. F. Olmsted, of the Natural Food Company, and the employee's side by a workingman from Dayton, Ohio, whose name will be announced later. "Parks," "Public Libraries," "Carnegie Libraries," "Rural Improvement," "Railroad Improvement," "Road Making" and similar topics will be considered as factors in civic improvement work.

Prominent citizens of Cleveland will tell of various forms of the improvement progress that has been made in this city and workers from a number of other cities will speak on the accomplishments of local organizations affiliated with the American Civic Association. The program will pay special attention to "Children's Work" and to "Group Plans in City Making."

Illustrated lectures will be delivered by the president of the association, J. Horace McFarland, on "First Steps in Improvement Work;" by Frank Miles Day, on "Recent Municipal Improvements," and by several experts on related topics. The discussion of "Woman's Work for Civic Improvement" will be led by Mrs. C. F. Millspaugh, president of the Women's Outdoor Art League Section of the Association, and "One Year's Work" will be reviewed by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, first vice-president of the association.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 22.—The North American Building, this city, is the civic center of the United States by the reason of the fact that in it are located the offices of the leading organizations of civic betterment workers. These are the National Municipal League, which chiefly has to do with political and administrative reforms, and the American Civic Association, which is devoted to the promotion of city, village and rural improvements of a nature that makes them largely the subject of popular initiative.

At the offices of the American Civic Association there is great activity. Though it is less than eight years old (if we may reckon the age of its constituent bodies as its own), this organization is today perhaps the most powerful factor in the continent-wide movement for cleaner and more beautiful surroundings. With a large list of individual members—life and annual—the association principally works through local organizations—women's clubs, civic improvement societies, horticultural associations, commercial bodies, etc. The magnitude of the work conducted under the direction of the association is far greater than the average person would imagine. From every section of the country the mails bring reports of activity in the civic improvement field and of plans for important and far-

reaching achievements in the future. There are few communities not interested in some phase of the association's propaganda.

Some idea as to the diversified activities of a local improvement association may be gained from the annual report of the Civic Club of Carlisle, Pa. This club has been active for seven years. It has charge of the street cleaning and street sprinkling systems of the city, holds monthly meetings in the public schools to arouse civic interest among the children, operates a savings fund system, has placed waste paper receptacles on the streets, and once a month inserts in the local papers the town ordinances in simplified form.

Last year special attention was paid to the improvement of the grounds of the high school building. The club also conducted a public entertainment course, in which lectures were delivered by former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association, and others; rented a commodious club house and opened a women's exchange and employed a trained nurse for the benefit of the poor. All of the varied activities of this club required a total expenditure of only $476.75.

Correspondence received at the association headquarters from Erie, Pa., shows that in that city the civic department of the Women's Club has taken up the work of beautifying the vacant lots and sides of old buildings in the city. Last year this club gave special attention to the Government building and the Central School building.

The association has reports from many cities which show unusual interest in children's garden work. In Los Angeles, Cal., the demands for seeds and plants on the part of the children was considerably in excess of the supply first provided. In Duluth, Minn., the school children have raised funds for public entertainments for the beautification of vacant lots. The same work is being effectively prosecuted by the Vacant Lot Cultivation Society of this city. The Civic Improvement League of St. Joseph, Mo., has interested more than five hundred children in school garden contests and has been giving the youthful gardeners the benefit of lectures by instructors from the State University.

An extensive development of school garden work is noted from Denver, Colo. Even in closely built Boston this line of civic work has been made very successful. The planting of flower beds in vacant lots is receiving the attention of several hundred boys and girls in St. Paul. The Home Gardening Association of Cleveland, Ohio, this year sold about four hundred thousand packets of flower seeds to school children at 1 cent a packet.

One of the new improvement clubs just reported at the American Civic Association headquarters is from Chicago and is known as the West End Improvement Association. The scope of its work will include the crowded districts of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Twentieth wards, and a determined effort will be made to enlist actively the interest of the 20,000 people who live in this territory. The association started off with a membership of nearly one thousand. The North Omaha Improvement Club, the Galesburg (Ill.) Improvement Association, the Women's Civic Improvement Club of Arkansas City, Kan.; the Prospect Hill Improvement Club of Omaha; the Civic Improvement Board of Portland, Ore., and the Rosarians' Club of Bellingham, Wash., are other local organizations from which encouraging reports have recently been received.

Civic improvement work did not begin in the South as early as in some other sections of the country, but the correspondence of the American Civic Association shows that it is now making great progress in that section. The Nashville *American* is agitating the organization of the improvement workers of that city. In South Carolina improvement work is more popular than is that of any other department of women's club activity. In 1903 there were seven civic improvement associations in the State. In 1904 there were eighteen and in 1905 twenty-five have been reported. In Texas there is continued and increasing activity.

From various towns in Illinois the association has received gratifying reports of the work of Mrs. Charles F. Millspaugh, who is president of the Women's Outdoor League Section. Mrs. Millspaugh has been engaged in a campaign of organization in which she has had the co-operation of Mrs. Anna Schipper, State organizer. At Peoria and Pekin addresses delivered by Mrs. Millspaugh and Mrs. Schipper were received with especial enthusiasm. In Eveleth, Minn., the Business Men's Association has taken up town improvement work. The Ladies' Improvement Association of Fairfield, Iowa, runs excursions to provide funds for its work. A special order from the War Department has led to the beautification of several of the western forts. At Carrolton, Mo., civic improvement work is prosecuted by the Chautauqua Circle. A recent lecturer before the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy devoted considerable attention to the beneficial influences of home gardens. These instances gleaned at random from the records of the American Civic Association serve to illustrate the remarkable diversity of interests which are co-operating to make a "more beautiful America."

The literature of the American Civic Association can be secured by addressing the Association, North American building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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